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A
P O E M
To the Memory
O F
D^r JOSEPH BEAUMONT.

A
P O E M
To the Memory
O F
D. JOSEPH BENJAMIN



A
P O E M,
Dedicated to the Memory
O F
Dr Joseph Beaumont
Regius Professor
O F
D I V I N I T Y,
I N
C A M B R I D G E.

By Thomas Barker A.M. Cantabr.

—*Nec Te tua plurima, Pentheu,
Labentem Pietas, nec Apollinis Insula texit. Virg.*

C A M B R I D G E,
Printed by John Hayes, for Edward Hall
Bookseller there. 1700.

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of

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Regius Professor

of

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C A M B R I D G E



By Thomas Barker A.M. Cantab.

Printed by John Bury, for Edward Hall,
Stationer, near St. Dunstons Church, West.

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D^r JOSEPH BEAUMONT
R. P. of Divinity,

I N

C A M B R I D G E.

T RUE; the Perfume and Beauty fails of Flowers,
When weary Nature does recal her Powers.

Arts have their Pitch and rise, we know, no Higher;
But sink to Rudeness, and in Mists retire.

A 3

In

(21)

In Wealth and State, Towns have been said to Reign,
Which their Old Quarries have devour'd again,
But, O sad Instances of Frailty Those !
And None more Lasting can our Skill compose.

Give Us the Draft of an Accomplish'd Man ;
Make his Dimensions, Large as Fancy can :
Choice of Imbellishments on Him bestow ;
Grace him with All, that's Perfect here below.
Restore us *BEAUMONT*, That Exact Design
Of All that's Solid, and of All that's Fine ;
Of Nature in Decy the Lucky Pride ;
A Treasure, which once lost, can never be supply'd ;
One Perfect Man's worth All the Earth beside.

Yet must This Man, This *BEAUMONT* must descend ;
For, like an Arch He does Arise, and Bend.

Such

Such Gifts of Nature, and their Use so Just ;
 Such Lofty Songs, and Sense so well discust ;
 Such Grace of Body, well-drawn Vital Line,
 Fortunes acquir'd by Qualities Divine ;
 All These are rais'd to that Sacred CHAIR,
 Which, safe in Conduct, while his Weight was there,
 Shone round the World like the *Phæbean* Ray ;
 But show'd a better Heaven, and a more Lasting Day.
 What Strange, what Numerous Things were here to
 (meet ?
 How wise *That Maker*, cou'd the Frame Compleat !

Yet *BEAUMONT* dyes ; That rare Contexture sinks,
 Low, as the Animal that never thinks.

A Thousand various Hits were first essay'd,
 And in their Way a Thousand Worthies made,

Er'e

Er'e for a **BEAUMONT** the bright Figure shone,
 Which cou'd for Ages that it cost, atone.
 He, thus **Extracted** from the Ages past,
 Repay'd, like Gold Refin'd the Metal's wast.

But what's the End of All this Skill and Care ?
 Only to feed a Grave, did Heaven prepare ?
 Will Fate, of Course, break a Consummate Piece ?
 At Nothing Great, will Death's Approaches cease ?
 Is Nothing, ne're so Exquisite, secure ?
 Cannot this Quintessence of Time Endure ?
 Fair Structure ! form'd so Critically True,
 With Native Strength to Clean Proportions due !
 Who wou'd have thought, it shou'd have dropt like
 (Ours ?
 But thus Heaven chooses to reveal it's Powers :

To

To Make such Work excessive Force it shows ;
 But Greater Strength that *Conscious Vertue* knows,
 Which what it Makes with Care, with Ease Foregoes.

Yes, Thus it is : The Finish't Man's resign'd,
 And All that's left, Lives in the Mourner's mind :
 Immense th' *Idea*, That, which *BEAUMONT* leaves
 (behind !
 The Numerous Mourners that His Death has made,
 With Joyn'd Reflections may express his Shade :
 No One has Thought for his Whole vast Desert ;
 And Each, can find sufficient in a Part,
 To fill his Eyes, as it has fill'd his Heart.
 So fraught with Various Excellence was He,
 He touches All the Good in Each Degree :
 His Fate afflicts, ev'n Those that but Pretend ;
 Or Fancy that they have, what we Commend.

B

How

How then must *Pallas* and the *Muses* sigh?
 Who Greatest Vertues, and most Loss display?
 How must Religion beat her Tender breast,
 This Theologue, Her Miracle deceas't?
 How must the Church lament the Greatest Priest?
 But, as *Cam* weeps; not Seven-mouth'd Nile of yore
 Moan'd her Lost Gods, as *Cam* does now deplore
 The Chief Professor of the World: **BEAUMONT's**
 & no more!

The Oracle is ceas't, that *Cam* renown'd;
 In bands of Silence is the *Genius* bound.
 Not *Delphos*, when *Apollo* left the Seat,
 And to New Regions made his Fam'd Retreat,
 Felt half the Grief, That *Cam* for **BEAUMONT** feels.
 Distressed Nymph! what Anguish She reveals:

Dishevel'd;

Dishevel'd ; Wild ; O how perplex't she goes !

Her Head all Water to her Bosom Flows.

Through gloomy Willows now, Behold she flies ;

And now breaks forth, and fills the Vale with Cries.

BEAUMONT, she cries, *with my lost Joyes return.*

Why leave You Cam, and give her up to mourn ?

Return my Fame ; my Life, my Glory, come.

Delicious Tongue, must Thou be ever Dumb ?

I, Pensive Cam, still knock upon your Tomb.

Oh ! Cou'd my Cries this Dismal Slumber break--

'Twou'd be my Wish, to Live to hear You speak.

Sweet, Dear your Voice ! such Eloquence of Tongue

Flow'd from your Lips, and Accents rout'd along.

O what a Master, in my Learned Schools !

Informing Reason from the Sacred Rules !

*Might not such Charms exempt you from This---Death?
Well wou'd Immortal Sense, sound in Immortal Breath.*

*But Heavens! when I survey Your Larger Sphear,
How Strong, how Bright you made the Truth appear!
While Wondring Nations crowded round to hear.
Your Ready Thoughts, of Wisdom how profuse?
Your Language, Born Correct for Noble Use?
The Nations stood amaz'd at your Command;
His own Each pity'd, and All blest Your Land.
No more they'll Bless, and 'twill no more be said,
That Cam is happy, now Her BEAUMONT's Dead.* }

*Shall we Indeed, no more his Voice attend?
Stile, Judgement, Quaintness, from Him date their End.
In Him their Delicate Enchantments broke;
The Glory gone, that shone round All He spoke.*

Rams,

Rome, that long since resign'd her Armed Sway,
 Reign'd in her Language at her Power's Decay ;
 And ev'n This Reign is to the Period come,
 Since *BEAUMONT*, the Last Monarch's in his Tomb.

Pardon, Great Man ; Only to speak of Words,
 Among your Praises but the Least affords.
 Yet such Expressions your's ! and such Success !
 No Mind, so Barbarous, but cou'd feel you press
 Your Sense *Heroique* in Your *Roman* Dress.
 All whom the *Latian* Arms did e're subdue,
 Their Old Submission, and first Frights renew
 At *Latian* Speech, as it was us'd by You.

The Modern Offspring of *Rome*'s former Gown,
 That talk of Worlds and Triumphs, not their own ;
 Invading Us, upon a Forreign Coast
 Met with the Tersefness which Themselves had lost.

They Came, they Heard, and they Were Overcome;
 So did you quail the New, with Ancient *Rome* :
 With *Cæsar's Motto*, in Reverse, you sent 'em Home.

Of *Cæsar's* Arms with which he pitcht the Field,
 Who wore a Pen, as well as Spear and Shield;
 Only the Pen the Modern *Romans* Wield,
 But 'tis not *Cæsar's* *Stile* does Yours withstand;
 Yours, with more Force than *Tully's* can command,
 And wrench the Weapon from his Rougher hand.

BEAUMONT! with Yours, whose Tongue may we
 (compare?
 And who can speak the Triumphs of your *CHAIR*?

When e're *Our Schools* have seen, Those whom the
 (State
 To Sacred Trusts thought Worthy to translate,
 Enter the Lists in some Sublime Debate;

When

When e're those Sages gave, that Proof of Skill
Which might the Promise of their Fame fulfill :
Amidst the Heat, when High the Contest rose ;
And Sense pour'd down on Sense, and Art did Art oppose:
Still the *Professor* and his Side prevail'd ;
So strong His Guard, so bravely He assail'd.

Absolute *BEAUMONT*! Your Controulless Sway!
When You encountred, none need ask--*The Day*.
None can the Conquests that You gain'd compute;
Conquest display'd so frequent in Dispute,
That Just Degrees not *Doctors* cou'd pursue,
Whose Purple had not ta'ne a Blush from You.

None can forget, the Ardor and the Life,
The Generous Onsets, and the Graceful strife:
To fetch down Truth, how *BEAUMONT* pierc'd the
(Skies?
And how He search'd the Depths where Error lies?
What

What was his Skill, each Subject so dissolv'd :

What Clouds he sometimes cast ; Then clear'd the
(Theam involv'd !

Theses Unravell'd chang'd their Destin'd Side ;

A Mutual War among their Parts he try'd :

Their Pregnant Bowels felt their own Alarms,

As *Cadmus's* Brood fell by Intestine Arms.

Yet is he now no more. Blest Saint ! Forgive,

If Our Desires shou'd call You back to Live.

Why were Our Joyous Souls indulg'd so high ?

The Longings end not, tho' the Pleasures die.

Who wou'd not wish, to hear You once again

Exceed Our Thoughts, and Your own Fame maintain ?

Pleasant th' Idea of an *Heroe's* Might !

More Glorious still the Prospect of his Fight !

But the *Learn'd Warriour's* Deeds have more Extent,

Safer to See, harder to Represent.

Was

Was it not Transport All, to see You Wield,
 And glance aloft the *Christian's* Radiant Shield ?
 How Sweet the Terror ! when You chang'd Your Art,
 And left your Faith, and shook a *Furie's* Dart.
 Both Worlds, Concern'd, sure throng'd to the Dispute,
 Your Words Harmonious, and Your Sense Acute,
 Might draw the *Seraphs*, and their Grandeur suit. }

If then, O Then, such Beings hover'd there ;
 And *Satan* us'd the Freedom of his Air :
 How the Confounded Fiend blush't (as he cou'd)
 When You for Error, and it's Party stood !
 He cou'd not Bear it, in a Man so Good. }
 How glow'd his Haggard Breast with Jealous Rage,
 To see, His own Lov'd Subtilty for Heav'n engage :
 But *Gracious Angels*, that observ'd You blest
 With such High Genius as Themselves possess ;

Surpriz'd look round, examine every Face,
 Ask, What *New Angel* That in *BEAUMONT*'s Place?
 But now They know him, their Surprise they' excuse ;
The Man They have's so like, the *Angel* that we Loose.

Prodigious *BEAUMONT* ! Still we mourn Thy Fate ;
 How can Our Stupid Grief Thy Worth relate ?
 When Just Conclusions from Effects we drew ;
 We in Your Works did *Nature's* Symm'try view.
 You *Her Professor* were of Native Right ;
 Your Works Like Her's in Number, Measure, Weight, }
 Your Acts, Like Her's, were follow'd by Delight. }
 In You she show'd Productions, free from Pain ;
 No Fop cou'd Laugh, no Critick cou'd Complain :
 While Grins and Snarls of *Tortur'd Nature*, They }
 In their Resentments, to our Sight convey ; }
 You Check their Ferment, and their Frets allay. }
 O

O *BEAUMONT* ! who but You's without his Fault :
 Who is there Else, that no one Dares assault ?
 You Mighty Man, Thus far Man's Race excell'd :
 Your *Worth*, more Reverend than the *Place* You held.
 What Others, can The *CHAIR* from Censure guard :
 Your are Your Station's Safety and Reward.
 To Hights Serene Your vigorous Merit rais'd
 The Proud acknowledg'd, and the Envious prais'd.

You, Undisturb'd, stood like *Olympus's* Head ;
 And saw Our Passions far beneath You spread.
 Among Themselves You might their Rage discry,
 But All Your own Concerns were plac't too High.
 Not *Letter'd Insolence* attempted You ;
 Not *the Poor man*, but thought Your Incomes due :
 Want had no Stings to irritate the Spleen,
 And no Conceit appear'd, while Your Deserts were seen.

Establish't, Single, Pattern of Esteem !
 More truly-Great, than Others hope to Seem !
 Raifing where You Adorn'd *the Ample Post* !
 O ! Ne're may Truth nor Honour Thence be lost.
 Whom shall the *Church* Prefer to Follow You ?
 Whom of her Numerous Sons, in brightest View ?
 You so Compleat, All They are found the Less ;
 And seem Alike, so short of Your Excess :
 As Atoms They, to Your Extent appear ;
 They make no Figure, Undistinguish't are.
 You, *BEAUMONT*, Doubly bar th' Elective voice,
 First You Exceed and Then Confound the *Choice*.
 You Shining, like the Sun claim'd all the Skies ;
 They, All at once, like Stars when You are set, arise.

So dyes The Man, Inimitably Great ;
 And His *Sepulchral Pomp's* contriv'd by Fate.

The

**The Worlds left Dark ; sad Dulness is our Doom :
Small sprinkled Lights now twinkle in the Gloom.**

And-- Thus th' Unparall'd *Professor* goes !
All hopes to have Our Loss supply'd we loose !
But is there no Relief left by his *Muse* ?

What News will his Enlarged *Pſyche* tell,
That but Too long did in Confinement dwell?

If for the Past Our sad Remembrance grieves,

The Poet speaks, where the Professor leaves.

The sorrows rais'd by Him, His Layes may calm ;

And his Own Spices will *This Dead* embalm.

To loose a Worthy, Great as as Our Desire,

What healing Charms does not the Pain require ?

But *BEAUMONT's* Death does give us, *BEAU-*
(MONT's Lyre.

Amidst our Anguish, while th' Impression's strong,

To our Mad Grief he applies the Melody of Song.

His is the Proper Way (His always True)
 To sooth Our Souls, and mitigate Our Woe ;
 For who cou'd *BEAUMONT*, but Himself, outdoe ?
 Or shall we Rather say ; such kind Intent
 Wou'd more our Envy, then Our Grief, prevent :
 Despairing Rage that sets the Gall to flow,
 Might have Repin'd ; did He his *Songs* bestow
 Only *In Heaven*, and not on *Us Below*.

'Tis well : we claim the high Sonorous *Bard*,
 Since the *Divine's* too Distant to be hear'd.
 His Measures now of Mortal Prose are done,
 And Deathless Verse succeeds in Loftier Tone :
 He is not Dead, but puts a Nobler Figure on.
BEAUMONT ascends in his Poetick Fire ;
 Seen more August, like *Heroes*, when they 'expire.
 His *Genius* now New Graces does unfold ;
 And speaks, and moves, just as those Gods of Old
 Whose

Whose airy Feet disclaim'd like Ours to Tread,
And the Spears warbled in what e're they said.

Psyche! thou Spirit of thy Master's Soul!
The Earth encircle, while he mounts the Pole.
By Grateful Men be his Last Gift confest
Of all His Works, who judg'd it so, the Best.
His Other Works, like Beauties that may fade,
Requir'd his Presence and his Living Aid:
But Powerful Verse to it's own Force he leaves,
'Tis both Inspir'd, and Inspiration gives;
His Muse erects a *Monument that Lives.*

So Bright his Mind; his Thought so vast and strong;
His Voice all Tune; a Sacred Lyre his Tongue;
What cou'd he Write to show Himself Entire?
What Lines express, All that in Him we 'admire?

Psyche

'Tis Verse, 'Tis *Psyche* must his Image hold;
 With his own Life endow'd, It rises from Her Mold.
 As *Talismans*, whose Vertues draw their Birth
 From Stars above, rule like Those Stars on Earth;
 So may She Influence, may She succeed,
 May We Transcribe the Person that we Read.

While All our Muses dress by *Psyche's* Lines;
 And Drossy Wit her Pious Flame refines:
 In *BEAUMONT's* Heavenly Breast new Joys she'll raise;
 Add to his Pleasures, and increase his Lays:
 She with His Strains the *Cherubs* shall inspire;
 And Multiply Herself, through the *Celestial* Quire.

F I N I S.



